POETICAL

AND OTHER

COMPOSITIONS

English and Pennsylvania-German

BY

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Also

Some Favorite Compositions of Other Writers

PREFACE

JUST to preserve a number of original compositions and some favorites written by others, these are here preserved in this form to avoid their loss. Some of these may be esteemed as of some interest or value by friends of the writer. These efforts are not offered as master-pieces but merely the product of one who thinks they should be preserved for their true value as a reminder of other days and things in the forms presented.

O. P. KNAUSS.

Seeing some so-called poems used as songs at lodge meetings that were so poor as to sentiment, rhyme and metre, I thought I could do better. The following compositions were therefore written and used with much approval on several occasions:

WHEN BROTHERS MEET

Air—"Maryland"

By O. P. K.

The team of Friendly Lodge, tonight,
Came from Macungie with delight
To work the first degree for you
And thus fraternal ties renew.
When parents visit children dear,
They bring the best of joy and cheer;
To Pennsburg Lodge did Friendly go,
The mother's blessings to bestow.

True friendship here we did enact—
The kingly Saul so sadly lacked;
His son, the prince, and David, bold,
Examples that we here have told:
For Friendship's worth, o'er all the earth,
Brings countless blessings from its birth,
It leads to Love and Truth, indeed,
As shown in steps that now succeed.

We're brethren here, united all,
And greet you now within this hall;
Our work is done, our play is o'er—
We trust it has not been a bore.
We thank you now for this your call
And welcome that was given all;
We hope you'll come and visit us
Ere long and also cheer us thus.

We lack a lot but are sincere
To hope you'll pardon errors here;
We did our best this you may know,
In giving this fraternal show.
Oddfellowship, oh, happy band!—
We hail thy name throughout the land;
The best, the blest, for doing good
To spread abroad true brotherhood.

Here brothers meet in concord sweet
And many acts of love repeat.
To lessen want, relieve distress,
Bring comfort, cheer and kindliness.
May peace prevail, may love endure,
Our chain enlarge and keep secure,
That not a link may broken be
From now throughout eternity.

Sung by the Degree Team of Friendly Lodge, of Macungie,
on a visit to Pennsburg Lodge,
February 27, 1915

FRATERNAL GREETINGS

Air—"Those Endearing Young Charms"

By O. P. K.

We come to you, brothers, in Friendship to meet,
Our pledges of Love to renew,
With Truth in our hearts we would loyally greet
And bring our best wishes to you.
We know you are active our cause to uphold,
The blessings Odd Fellowship shares;
While seeking for new, may you never grow cold
To lessen the old members' cares.

If cheer and affection can ever avail
In bringing encouragement here,
We freely supply them, there's nothing to fail
That wishes produce without fear;
Our hearts beat with joy in labor so sweet,
We never grow faint by the way;
To broaden our field, helping each one we meet,
And brighten their lives ev'ry day.

With trouble and worry on every hand,
By greed and oppression of war,
We feel it a duty to cherish our band,
That nothing its helpfulness mar,
For brotherhood true our cause to uphold,
Its principles ever maintained,
We battle for right which the Truth will unfold,
When peace is established again.

May those who are absent, abroad or at home,
Protecting our people and land,
To sacrifice loyal, success may soon come—
United we may again stand.
We war against vice, we battle for right,
With hopes to win out in this way,
The motives to strengthen and bring to the light
Those teachings we wish to obey.

To meet you once more in such friendly array,
With duties and pleasures to share,
Gives happiness here as well as away
Where each has his burdens to bear.
The absent ones also we surely do miss—
Our duties to each are so plain—
In sickness or trouble, whatever it is,
We hope it will leave them again.

We part with you, brothers, tonight and express
Our wish you will visit us too,
That also this meeting repeated will bless
Our spirits to cheer and renew.
Remember your duties and hasten the day
When all of us heartily sing,
In friendly communion forever it may
Sweet pleasure and happiness bring.

Sung with great success by Friendly Lodge, No. 85, I. O. O. F., Macungie, Pa., on visit to Pennsburg Lodge, April 6, 1918

The following old songs committed to memory and often sung, are favorite compositions of other writers:

IM GRÜNEN WALD

Als Ich an einem Summer Tag,
Im grünen Wald im schatten lag,
Sah Ich von fern ein Mädchen stehn,
Das war sehr unvergleichlich schön.

Als das Mädchen mich erblikt
Nam sie die flucht und eilt zurick;
Ich aber eilte auf sie zu
Und sprach zu ihr, "Was fliehest du?"

"Ach lieber Herr, Ich ken sie nicht,
Ich fürchte's mannsbilt angesicht,
Den meine Mutter sagte mihr
Es mannsbilt sei ein wüstes tiehr."

"Ach liebes kind, glaub Mutter nicht—
Dein Mutter spricht die wahrheit nicht
Dein Mutter is ein altes Weib,
Drum hasset sie die yunge Leüt."

"Dan younger Herr, wen das so ist,
Da glaub Ich meine Mutter nicht;
So sasz er sich ein wenig hün
Tzu mir aufs Grass im Wald so grün."

Da kan mann sehn wie Weibsleit sein,
Sie gaben sich gans gedultig drein,
Un stelt Mann sich ein wenig dumm,
Dan fallen sie von selber um!

The scene and some connections of the following composition in Pennsylvania-German dialect, given by Mr. Lloyd Moll, a friend, was considerably altered and put in shape by the author of the foregoing compositions to the following form:

DER SODDLER SHOP

Die lehda sin tzu, die dehr is gshlussa,
Der soddler hud sei shop ferlussa.
  Mensha un bletz fergehn in tzeit—
  Sie bleiva ned tzu ewigkeit.
Fer fertzig yohr—was geht die tzeit!—
Do hondl't er mid feela leit.

Dert sitzt er shtrock uff seinem buck
So grawd os wie en gehshelshtuck,
  Neht shtich fer shtich, grawd wie g'messa
  Foon morriyets free bis tzeit fer essa,
Bei koomerawda, gude un drei
War des der blatz debei tzu sei.

Im bobbla war der shawda gleh,
Es doot gewiss gar nimmond weh.
  Der soddler laucht wont kooma bisht;
  Wont froaksht ihn noh was er don wisst,
War antwert glei, "Es hud nix gehwa
Sin gooda leit os doh room lehwa."

Retsha un leega hud er ned g'glicha
Mit denna konsht een ned ferwisha.
  Tzum tzarra un aw gshposs tzu maucha
  Des warn foon seina liebshta sauche.
Es letsht yohr war gsundheit ned gude,
Unglick bedrefft een fuller muth.

Gsheft war shlecht, fraw geht tzu ruh
Un lusst een doh mit seinem boo.
Die shweschter os er hud so leeb
Geht aw ins grawb un mauchts eem dreeb.
Der mensh wu long sei droovel drecht
Gebt eifer uff won olles brecht.

Die seil, des messer, der bech un droht
Leggt er noh hie un geht tzum doht.
Er nemmt der wake der onnera tzu
Weil doh wisst er net was tzu du.
Die herrlich koompany is fertrennd—
Der soddler geht tzu seinem end.

Es duht mer lehd ferbei tzu geh
Mer sehnt der freind now nimmy meh.
Ufft hud er uns blesseer gmacht
Mid seinem hertzoftig g'lach.
Die lehda sin tzu, die dehr is gshlussa
Der soddler hud sei shop ferlussa.

Here is an original sequel to the foregoing poem:

DER SHOP IS WEG

By O. P. K.

Sehn yusht mol hie, der shop is fert
  Wu long doh g'shtonna hud;
Er war ferleicht ned feel meh wert
  Un alls nuch doh sei sud.

Fer ochtzig yohr, in hitz un kelt,
  War doh der blatz tzu sei;
Doh hen sich alls die freund g'melt
  Un koomen pinklich bei.

Sie hen fertzaled foon feela sach,
  Un dehl des war ned soh;
Dehl waren kitzlich fer en lach
  Un dehl aw tzimlich roh.

In grossa sach wie politicks
  Doh hen sie efters g'shtritta;
Sin eiffrich werra un in hitz
  Un kenner war tzu fridda.

Sie hen g'rehd in eifer dert,
  Hen ufft sich gons fergessa;
In dishbadawda maucha fert
  Bis hoch tzeit geh fer essa.

Es war en frehd fer fisha geh,
Un ufft sin sie aw gonga;
Die messa efters warn aw shee,
Foon kertza un aw longa.

Hen breederlich die fish g'zailed,
Hen aw sie recht g'woga;
Un allsamol aw guns ferfailed
Un nonner weesht b'droga.

Die bauer bringa gsherr doh bei,
In shtigger un in heifa,
Os tzimlich ball g'macht sull sei,
Weils sie's notewennich breicha.

Fer yohra long geht des so fert,
Mer wars yoh so g'wehnt,
Bis mon un shop warn nimmy dert,
Un g'wiss aw net meh sehnt.

Won ebber doh ferbei now geht,
Mid wooner gooked er hie;
Was letz? doh is es gons ferdreht,
Mer kans net sehna wie.

En neier ort, mid blooma droof,
Des nemt now selly seit;
In herrlichkeit gehn sie noh uff
Un segna feela leit.

Nei sach is sheh, des g'shteh ich aw,
Un is aw good g'macht,
Doch is em aultes nehwa drah
Ebbes os em awlacht.

So geht die tzeit in ewigkeit,
Der soddler koomt tzu ruh;
Er lust sei freund un onner leit
Die arawet doh tzu du.

Duch now, ich denk es is ken shant,
Won gude ault sach weg geht,
Zu yehders sell em drah g'mahnt,
Uns doot em bissel leht.

So good-bye shop, mer wehs net meh
Wu soonsht dei shtell maug sei;
Ferlusst dich druff es duht em weh:
Dei herrshaft is ferbei.

Mr. Haas:

Ich bin sheer die gans shtaik ruhf g'shproonga un bin gans aus ochtem die gans tzeit. Ich hab dier die gans long tzeit shoon ebbas sawga wulla awver Ich hab net gans g'noonk shpunk uff g'fasst fers recht tzu du. Ich war shoon ufft der gans ovet doh huvva kuckt un hab olls gans g'conclude du daitsht net gans recht indem das du die boova net en gans shtick gans fertich shpeela lusht; du dusht die gans tzeit sie shtuppa un lusht sie net gans fertich shpeela, noh werrn sie gans g'rattled un du wersht ferleicht alsamohl gans unruich. Die boova in der gansa band wissa aw gans gude won a glos beer net gans ful is, un sie wissa aw won en bar in der musick net gans ful is. Dei g'donka sin, bin Ich bong, net gans wie meiney, awver fer des ding gans tzu settla will Ich dich gans ivverweisa das Ich gans recht bin.

Die band hut en gans nei shtick musick g'rickt wu du aw gans ubekannt bisht mit; es is g'entitled der "Gans March." Die musick is ol cressendo, mit usht a wennich piano un gans feel forte.

Now daid Ich gleicha won du dei awga gans sharreff hie richta daitsht uff die gans proposition un daitsht dich gans bekannt macha mit der gans wu now dei is un wofun du dich mohl widder gans sawt essa konsht.

Shtart der "Gans March" now. Ready—One, two!

Above was the address of the late Mr. Oliver Neumeyer on presenting Howard Haas, Director of the Macungie Band, with a fine goose as a Christmas gift from the members at the meeting night on December 22, 1920.

18

AT SALLIE'S GRAVE

By O. P. K.

Sleep well, peacefully here,
Loved one at rest;
Gone to your Saviour dear,
And to the blest.

Now freed from mortal pain,
Past care and fear,
Waiting to meet again
Those she held dear.

By prayer most sincere,
With song and praise.
Often her friends to cheer,
Their courage raise.

So to the weary souls
Comfort she brought,
Lifted the burning coals
Which trouble wrought.

Kindly her word with love,
Cheerful and bright,
Pointing to Him above
Who makes all right.

Then she too fell ill,
Helpless and weak,
But faith and courage still
Kept her so meek.

Calmly she sank to rest,
Trustful and brave,
For by her Saviour blest
Beyond the grave.

Dear to our mem'ry brings
Thoughts of her here;
Surely in heaven rings
Praise of her there.

Then when we meet again,
Come face to face,
O let us there remain,
Saved by her grace

No parting then like here,
No death to dread,
But with the Lord appear
And bliss instead.

20

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low in our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Ref.—

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long;
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall.
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.—Ref.

THE FARMER'S BOY

The sun went down behind the hill,
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and sad there came a boy
Up to a farmer's door.
"Can you tell me if any there be
Who will me employ
To plow, to sow, to reap and mow
And to be a farmer's boy."

"My father is dead my mother is left
With her five children small,
And what is worse for my mother is still
I'm the largest of them all;
Tho' little I am, I fear no work,
Seeking for employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap and mow
And to be a farmer's boy."

"If you have no work for me to do,
One favor I would ask,
Is to shelter me till the break of day
From this cold wintry blast;
At the break of day I'll trudge away
Seeking for employ,
To plow, to sow, to reap and mow
And to be a farmer's boy."

The farmer replied: "Let us try the lad,
Let him no longer seek;"
"O yes, dear father," the daughter replied,
While tears rolled down her cheek;
"It is hard for one who would work
Seeking for employ
To plow, to sow, to reap and mow
And to be a farmer's boy."

In course of time he grew a man,
This good old farmer died;
He gave the lad the farm he had
And the daughter for his bride.
And now the lad, the farm he had,
With many a smiling joy,
He blesses the day when he come that way
For to be a farmer's boy.

This song was one of a number taught in East Macungie secondary school about 64 years ago by Teacher Wickert, who loved singing. The words and tune are well remembered by one of the pupils who believes its merit should save it from oblivion.

February 20, 1936. O, P. K.

The following little German folksong was often sung and played by a dear old aunt until she was in her ninetieth year. She had learned it in her childhood.

DER GAERTNERSMANN

Sie: "Guten Tag, Herr Gaertnersmann!
Haben Sie Lavendel,
Rosmarin and Thimian
Und ein wenig Quendel?"

Er: "Ya, Mamselle, das haben wir,
Stets in unserm Garten;
Wollt' man selbst so guetig sein
Und ein wenig warten?"

Und der junge Gaertnersmann
Schwingt dann durch die Pfaedchen;
Laeszt sein' Augen liegen dann
Auf das schoenes Maedchen.

24

WHAT I LIVE FOR

By Dr. G. L. Banks

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Tween nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

25

IN THE LONG AGO

Scenes, Anecdotes and Characters of Emmaus

Seventy Years Ago and Since

Appeared in Emaus Tribune, 1929. Written by O. P. Knauss

There are so many wonderful changes in this thriving borough that it is difficult to realize or note them after the passage of half a century. Some, of course, stand out boldly and the recounting of them will be verified by those of a younger generation who witnessed the transformation made by degrees, while older ones may perhaps have forgotten them.

Let us therefore go on an imaginary stroll, taking as the starting point that old landmark, the beautified and enlarged Moravian Church. This was then almost the lower or eastern end of the town. Double entrance doors were on both the north and south sides instead of the western or front end as now. Just back of the edifice is the building that served long as the town's only school house. This was purchased about twenty-five years ago by G. W. Niess who converted it into a handsome dwelling. A sad accident occurred therein about fifty years ago. A girl pupil had got her dress wet while playing outside one winter's day. She came indoors to the stove and held her dress close there to dry. It was ignited and she was so badly burned that she died soon after.

Around the church building cluster many fond recollections. It is probably better known to more people here and elsewhere than any other building in town because of its sacred associations for so many years.

Vividly do I also remember the Sunday school picnics or celebrations as they were then called. These were held in a beautiful grove of big forest trees which extend-

ed westward along the near mountainside from the old Moravian cemetery. It belonged to the congregation. Nicely fitted up with swings suspended from high limbs of trees, here was a means of thrilling amusement and many pleasures were had there.

The earliest pastor I recollect was the Rev. Julius Wunsche, a very kindly minister. Like many of his early colleagues, he was of German parentage and education, therefore English was used with some difficulty. On one occasion just before the Sunday school was about to leave the church for the annual picnic, he started to make a little address in English to the children. The words would not come very handily so he gave up the attempt and proposed "Dree cheers for der Emaus Band," which had just come marching there to lead the procession to the grove. Everybody agreed and the sentiment carried unanimously with a will.

He was the prototype of another early Moravian pastor who was also exceedingly popular among his members. Several of them once went on a fishing trip to the nearby Little Lehigh and caught a nice lot of eels. They concluded to share their luck with the pastor and therefore brought him a mess of the eels. Shortly afterwards they accosted the pastor and inquired how he liked the eels. He answered:

"Der ohl ist ein guter fish aber er hat ein zehes fell—The eel is a good fish but it has a tough skin." The trouble was, being unacquainted with the proper way to prepare the eels for frying, he had left on the skin.

Just opposite Main street from the church is an oft-reconstructed frame dwelling, formerly known as the Haag house. Family statements say the writer was born there. He remembers little of its earlier appearance excepting that on one side was a frame summer kitchen. This was then in the so-called "schreckens-zeite," when men and big boys had to go to war and take part in the civil strife between the North and South. They were called regardless whether they were married or the dependent supports of others or not. All were drafted. The nearest recruiting camp was at Philadelphia. There all men drafted from these parts had to be mustered in

for service. My father was included. The day he left has been a vivid memory, just about the earliest of a childhood recollection. He and mother were preparing for his departure. Mother got his extra clothing ready and went to the summer kitchen in the stairway of which clothing hung. A bag contained stockings and she was getting some. All the time she was weeping bitterly and father was trying to console her. It was a severe ordeal for a man to leave a large family and go to war with its uncertain happenings. The unusual emotion of the parents made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the little boy who had followed and witnessed the parting. It turned out that while at camp father was engaged by a substitute broker to work for him and he thus partly earned one for himself, was exempted from service and could return home to his family in a few weeks.

This section was then almost the lower end of town. A few dwellings and farm houses were further eastward, notably the Iobst farm on the north side, long the residence and property of the late Henry Iobst, and the late Kline property, now an oil station and coal and lumber warehouse on the south side, half a square further east. This was about 100 years ago the homestead of John Knauss, a grandson of Sebastian Knauss, the latter one of the founders and organizers of the Moravian congregation almost two hundred years ago. Many acres of surrounding land belonged to the tract that extended way down in Salisbury township. The site of Sebastian's home is about three squares still further eastward, nearer the mountainside to the south. Here the late, Mrs. Mary Knauss, the aged and highly respected widow of a descendant resided and the dwelling is a historical landmark in the community because of the prominence of the original owner of the tract in his activities in the village and the congregation he delighted to foster.

The present handsome home of Prof. Preston Barba, across Keystone avenue from the Moravian parsonage, was the homestead of Abraham Ziegenfuss, long a widely known auctioneer and justice of the peace. He was a broad, portly man and wore a beard. He probably cried more sales of farm stock and other goods for years than

any other man in the county. Here I frequently visited while a little boy. The only daughter, Sophia, later married to William Schiffert, was a great friend of mine. She owned a saucy bantam rooster which crowed shrilly almost incessantly and she taught me to imitate this crowing. That the result was a success may be taken from the fact that many a stick of candy was "earned" in this way from appreciative friends and the nearest storekeeper, Mr. Tool, where I stood on a bench to be seen and heard.

Half a square westward, in the middle of Main street, was a well with pump and a big water trough, while a second one was similarly located another square or so westward. These were used mostly by teamsters for drinking water for horses and cattle. Most of the residents owned a lot of ground and kept a horse and cow or two, and these pumps were much used. The cold water was a boon to man and beast. These were real town pumps and preached genuine temperance lessons.

Going to the upper or western end of Main street, I shall point to a spot that is connected with an incident that caused a wonderful excitement at one time. It was while the East Penn Railroad was being constructed in 1858. Most of the laborers were Irishmen and quite a number of these boarded at the Eagle Hotel, then kept by Aquila Knauss. The long cuts and embankments west of this town took much work and large gangs of men were employed. According to verified stories, there was employed one of the bank bosses who was a tyrant and brute. Big of body and overbearing in disposition, he carried out his elation of this petty position over the men in his charge on many occasions. He was particularly mean and abusive to a certain small man in his gang and delighted to maltreat and torment him, as all bullies are so wont to do to such who are weaker or smaller then they. This went on for some time, as no one interfered, until one day when a friend and fellow workman of the little man, and who was also a small one, told the boss to desist, that thenceforth he would

take his friend's part and warned the bully to let the other alone. This just suited the boss who wanted to start right in and resume his usual practice.

The two men finally compromised by agreeing to fight it out in any but working hours. They later arranged to make it an open, public battle, and a time and place were appointed. The place was in the yard of a home on the spot where the Security Trust building now stands. A pump stood in the yard beside the house. Here one evening soon after the affair was to take place. Everybody was invited to witness it and a big crowd had gathered. The principals stepped forward, each attired only in trousers, in real fighting style. The fisticuffs soon started with a referee keeping order and time. The fight proceeded. In a very short time the big bully was beaten so badly that he had to be carried back into the hotel where he had to be in bed for several weeks, while the little man went to the pump, washed the other's blood from his hands and made no fuss about the feat. It then was learned that he was an experienced boxer and this the big bully found out too late else he might not been so anxious to engage in the fight.

Speaking of the East Penn Railroad, I may add that probably few of our people know that the first depot or station building is still standing but not used, as it was intended and erected for. It is a frame structure converted into a dwelling and has been used as such for many years past. It is located on the west side of South Third street, being one of the tenant houses belonging to the late Jacob Jarrett. It was moved back some distance from the railroad to its present location after a new depot was located two squares west and which has also been superceded by the more modern building on the south side of the tracks, the others have been located on the north side.

The first station agent was Aquila Knauss, who had been proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, as noted before, who seems to have been a handy man in the village. He was also the first town clerk or borough secretary, had

been pipe organist in the Moravian Church, was in the store business for some years, served as justice of the peace and therefore was prominent in the activities of the community. At one time he was selling agent for the first cook stoves brought out and traveled all over this and adjoining counties by team, introducing and delivering this new means of cooking.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Representative Emmaus Men

Appeared in Emaus Tribune, 1929. Written by O. P. Knauss

About Doctors

The newspaper references lately to our well-known and distinguished townsman, Dr. H. T. Wickert, bring to mind characteristics of other doctors who practiced in this territory long ago. Like our genial Doctor Wickert, who lately figured in a serious illness, they had become widely acquainted and greatly endeared in the community. Dr. Wickert's activity and interest in civic affairs of our town has exerted great weight and influence in the advancement of Emmaus. With best wishes at this time for his speedy recovery and restoration to his usual beneficent engagements, we shall leave him and speak of some others in his profession, now probably long forgotten or never even heard of.

One day a local doctor was somewhat startled by the hurried entrance into his office of another townsman. This man had his mouth widely open and acted in a peculiar manner. He pointed to his mouth and, as well as he could, sounded "ahs-ahs-ahs," with eyes and motions appealing for relief. The doctor soon recovered his equilibrium and nodded his head, saying he would attend to him. The man seemed to hear but he was certainly unable to speak. Motioning to a chair, the doctor proceeded to aid the sufferer and who in turn proceeded to sit down. He did so, but not on the chair because the doctor had pulled it away and the man sat on the floor with sufficient force for the jaws to snap together in proper place and the cure or remedy was effected. Then the man expressed himself more plainly and stated that he was afflicted with a peculiar trouble whenever he laughed boisterously--his jaws snapped out of joint and he was in an awkward dilemma. This happened to him every now and then but it was probably the first time he came to this doctor for relief. No doubt others had treated him by a different method, but hardly with quicker and better results.

There was a German doctor practicing in these parts who was also well and favorably known and he had his peculiarities. His name was Gerasch and before or after his location here he was stationed in Kutztown. He was somewhat reticent and never liked to be asked about the condition of his patients. This a man found out once when he inquired about a neighbor who was in the doctor's care. "Er lasst dich grueszan," answered the doctor, thus evading the question with pointed rebuke.

There was another widely known doctor of Longswamp, Berks county, who once said to me that a practitioner had to adapt himself to the whims and notions of his patients on occasions to obtain the best results. Once a well-standing elderly man came to him and complained of having an irritating affection on his legs and sought relief through the doctor. The latter examined the limbs and then asked the man whether he

believed in pow-wowing. The old man said he was not sure but it might help in certain diseases or complaints. Now the doctor knew that the man really had a good deal of faith that way, so he said that while he did not practice in that way there might be relief any way and if the man would carefully follow his instructions a cure would no doubt follow. "All right," said the man, "I shall do what you advice."

"Then," said the doctor, "go to work each night, before you retire, and with hot water and soap wash your legs for ten minutes. Do this for a week and then report to me."

The man carefully carried out the doctor's instructions and at the end of the week reported to him he was cured. He surely believed pow-wowing was efficacious.

The doctor then explained that if he had told the man what really ailed him he would not have believed it nor allowed the method of cure to be followed. As long as he did not know that it was a plain case of itch it didn't matter how the cure was made.

A Few About Lawyers

A remark once made by the late Hon. John D. Stiles a prominent lawyer of Allentown, indicates his eccentricities. He was noted for his blunt ways and expressions, as the following anecdote shows. His friend James Hartzell, of East Texas, once came to the city and met Mr. Stiles, who happened to be seated in front of his office, then the Stiles building, one summer day, as was his wont.

"Wie gehts, John?" asked Mr. Stiles in his usual familiar form and when necessary, in Pensylvania German. Mr. Hartzell answered in the same way, saying he was quite well, and then asked politely in return after his old friend's welfare. "Ned gude," said Mr. Stiles. "Sensht, my fraw is mer g'shtarreva — war sell ned d —— n mean?"

Down in the Oley Valley of Berks county there lived, years ago, a certain farmer who had among considerable other possessions a flock of sheep. One night a neighbor's dogs got among them and killed a number. This, of course, annoyed the farmer but he did not worry about his loss. One day he had occasion to go to Reading and while there called on a lawyer friend who happened to own a farm near the one of his Oley friend. The two greeted each other in a cordial way, as usual. Among the exchange of gossip the lawyer inquired about the condition of the farmer's crops and general welfare. The Oley man said he was doing quite well but, just then, he had a little trouble to think about. "What is it?" asked the lawyer. "Why," said the farmer, "I was bothered lately by a neighbor's dogs which killed some of my sheep and I think it is unfair." "I should say so," said the lawyer. "Why don't you prosecute him? You can have the owner of the dogs arrested for maintaining such brutes. He must surely pay the loss."

"Well," said the farmer, "I think so too, but I do not like to go that far because he is a good neighbor; he might feel greatly offended."

"Nothing to it," said the lawyer, "you have all the law on your side, as nobody has a right to keep dogs that kill other people's sheep. Go ahead."

"Well, if you think so, I believe I will," answered the Oley man.

"By the way, whose dogs were these?" asked the lawyer. "Well," said the farmer, reluctantly, "they belonged to your farm, that is the reason."

"Oh, is that it. Ho-hum! Well, it don't matter. How many sheep were killed?"

"Three," said the farmer.

"All right, and what are they worth?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, about ten dollars," said the farmer.

"All right," repeated the disciple of jurisprudence. "I see I am in for it. Here are ten dollars and we will call the loss legally paid."

The farmer was loath to take the money but under the circumstance and urging, he accepted the amount

and the two friends resumed talk about other matters. After a while the farmer said he must now start for home and proceeded to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the lawyer, "You forgot something."

"What is it?" asked the puzzled Oley man.

"Why," said the crafty lawyer, "You owe me ten dollars for advice. You asked whether you could by law recover the loss of your sheep and I said you could."

"Oh, so I did; I'll be hanged. Well, here are your ten dollars," and he left that lawyer and put in another grievance against the bad luck in farming and human nature in particular.

PRINTERS I KNEW

Appeared in 1930 Proceedings of Lehigh County Historical Society

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BY O. P. KNAUSS

In response to a request for an article or writeup of "Some Printers I Have Known," I submit the following impressions after a somewhat hurried survey of an extended experience. This is also done because of the many pleasant meetings and kindnesses shown by these fellow-printers and in reverence to the memory of those who have left the fold through death or otherwise.

Being ambitious to learn a trade or do any kind of work after a common school education, I applied to the local printery at Macungie in the spring of 1887, in answer to an advertisement printed in the "Macungie Independent," a small monthly journal issued by the Macungie Publishing Company. This firm consisted of Levi Smoyer, captain of a military company during the Civil War, a lawyer and a justice of the peace, with Richard J. DeLong, principal of the Macungie schools, as manager. Mr. Smoyer was really the owner of the

establishment and supplied the sinews of war to keep it going. He had purchased the outfit from a man named Levi Roth who had moved it to Macungie form Hellertown. He also had issued a small monthly journal for a short time, mainly as an advertising medium to boost the job printing. This was a weak attempt and Mr. Smoyer got control and added new material to the outfit. The real printer engaged was Robert Vogt, a good mechanic from Allentown, who was employed for some time.

Accepted as an apprentice at meagre salary, I served under Mr. Vogt as long as he was still engaged. Fortified by an inquiring mind, a fair knowledge of the common branches of learning and an inclination for the work, these brought results. Without any egotism, I may say I was particularly proficient in spelling, grammar and writing. Usually at the head at spelling bees and writing composition for all the advanced schoolmates when we were given subjects to write upon, this helped very much to quickly get a hold of the trade. An omnivorous reader of books and papers had also given me a good general knowledge of local and outside matters, so that I apparently became useful.

After serving my apprenticeship, I was somewhat dissatisfied with my surroundings and positior. Believing I might do better in another printing establishment, I so announced my feelings to Mr. Smoyer. He was reluctant to let me go, but realizing my desire, he offered to sell the printing outfit and business to me, saying he was aware I could conduct it myself since I had practically done so for some time past. Not feeiing competent however, and being still under age, I demurred. Then Mr. Smoyer proposed that he would rent or lease the outfit to Mr. DeLong and myself and this plan looked more favorable to me, since Mr. DeLong was older and more experienced than I. We so agreed, and for a year conducted the shop as Knauss & DeLong. However, long before the year was up, I realized that I was losing by the combination, not because my partner was unfair or disagreeable, but he had his engagements all day in teaching school, had outside duties on Saturdays and

altogether did not benefit me much, consequently I operated the business practically alone. At the end of the year I was more discouraged than the year before and so reported to Mr. Smoyer. He again offered me the outfit but we compromised when I agreed to rent it alone for another year, finding no encumbrances and being older, I picked up considerable new trade and got along better. In fact I had so managed that after making an arrangement with Mr Smoyer to be in his law office at Allentown, where he had moved in the meantime, one morning with a bill of sale made out for me to look over. He had this ready, the price was satisfactory and I laid down a check for the full amount, this being the money I had saved and accumulated and started out under no obligation to any one else. Then I was practically boss over the business and expressed myself that this should be my position as long as I would be thus occupied. Business still grew and soon I had to secure an apprentice myself. Now there was more ambition and an extended outlook. I had for some years engaged my services as correspondent to daily papers, those duties coming in handy in the nature of my work and the preparation that led to it. This culminated in the plan to publish a weekly newspaper and arrangements were made accordingly. First, I surveyed the field, having the idea that my home town needed such an institution. Inquiry from prominent fellow townsmen did not give much encouragement as to the direct want or necessity for a newspaper. However, the bee was busy and buzzing and my plans were carefully laid. I had reasoned that as long as I would not obligate anybody else in the proposed enterprise, I would be the only one responsible if the venture proved unsuccessful. Some additional material had been procured and the lines carefully laid. One day circulars were issued all over the community announcing that on a certain date the "Macungie Progress" a weekly newspaper, would appear and two issues were circulated for people to judge whether there was a cause for its existence. Of course, its object and endeavor to further local interests was not lost sight of in boosting the project. True to promise, the new paper came out

on time and was given a good reception. In the meantime, for these first two issues, advertisements had been solicited from local business people who were offered the space entirely free. Most of them agreed to such a favor, but after these two weeks they were again solicited to remain as advertisers at a fair, low rate. Some, out of curiosity or for other reasons, remained and others dropped out. But when copies of the first issue were exchanged with other papers, these commented the new journal for its thrifty appearance, with lots of ads, not knowing that any were yet paid for. But, also, new business people came in on seeing a good outlook, together with a steady flow of subscribers. This was an original plan to start. It was fair, honest but gave the young publisher lots of work and risk to get that start. In a year a new Hoe cylinder press superseded the old hand press to print the growing editions and the plant was otherwise improved. A good clientele of business people was added for job printing. Then for exactly 23 years the paper was issued, its life extended from April 8, 1888 to March 30, 1911. In the latter few years the rural mail routes were established and this was a death-blow to most weekly newspapers. People away for some miles did not go to the post office every day and got no daily newspapers. But when the post office box was brought to their homes they got the dailies and dropped the weeklies. At the same time, the town did not grow and the paper's circulation was difficult to increase. There was too much work connected with such a publication that could be reimbursed from the returns so that it became a struggle and the inevitable followed. This was not a forced suspension for obligation to others but the best plan to consider under the circumstances, just like most of the old weekly newspapers also adopted. The job printing part of the business was, however, continued and has increased from year to year.

Now, in relating rather much of a personal connection with the printing business that appears necessary to get the proper bearing to show why and how an acquaintance with other printers was brought about and often enjoyed, I shall proceed as announced.

The best way to become personally acquainted with fellow workers is the connection with them in membership in a congenial organization and this I experienced during such membership in the Lehigh Valley Editorial Association as long as it functioned. By such association the character and habits are brought out and lead to comparison. The officers were usually prominent and influential men in their communities and business engagements. I call these also printers, as indeed most of them were publishers or mechanics. Therefore, I shall mention some who come to mind.

Harry Brown, of Bethlehem, was long the secretary. He was an artist and had for years a connection with the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company as illustrator for advertising literature. He was a very pleasant and clever gentleman.

The treasurer for a number of terms was Joseph Weaver, also treasurer of the Times Publishing Company, Bethlehem. He was also a pleasant member, practical and careful. His worst disappointment was once exhibited while we met in session at the historic Sun Inn, Bethlehem. "Joe" had frequently bragged about the fine chicken and waffle dinners the Sun Inn served and at last was successful in inducing the association to meet there. He was particularly happy for the distinction to him and his home town until the time came for the serving of the anticipated meal. We waited and grew hungrier and "Joe" grew annoyed until at last a single waiter appeared and began leisurely to serve his wares. These were quite cold and the process was so slow that patience ceased to be virtue and Joe began to—use language that was not complimentary to the hotel or to him.

Then there was the late Dr. A. R. Horne, D. D., serving several terms as president. He was an enthusiastic co-laborer and pleasant on every occasion. He was the publisher of the National Educator, a monthly, for many years.

Particularly well do I recall the late Edward H. Rauch, long known through his writings in Pennsylvania German as "Pit Schweffelbrenner." He and son Lawrence were publishers of the Mauch Chunk News and its

weekly edition. The elder Mr. Rauch was a very prominent figure in state politics and journalism many years ago. He resided and was connected with newspapers at Lancaster, Harrisburg and Reading. During the Civil War period he published a journal called "Father Abraham," being then politically inclined as a supporter of Abraham Lincoln. He was a forceful writer, active and vigorous in his best days. In particular I recall this story he once related: While a reporter on a Harrisburg daily, he often attended the sessions of the Legislature in pursuit of his duties. Once, on account of his physical vigor and strong voice, he was chosen to assist the reading clerk to read long papers, which is usually an ordeal for the regular or appointed clerk. He did so with success until he also became dry in his throat. He noticed the regular clerk had a glass on a shelf at the reading desk wherefrom he had refreshed himself for further reading. Mr. Rauch thought he would do so too and took this glass, thinking it was water. Instead it was gin and which the regular clerk had secretly substituted because of its colorless aspect and strengthening qualities. Soon he reached for that glass again. Then another newspaper reporter, with whom the substitute clerk was not on good terms, also felt thirsty and reached for that glass and frequently repeated the operation. "Then," said Mr. Rauch, "I had to keep that d——n red-headed fellow in gin for the balance of that session to keep the matter a secret as long as I served."

Mr. Rauch was well versed in hand writing and served as an expert in legal actions in a number of important cases. While relating the following incident, he proved his ability by copying the writing of the names of a number of members who could hardly distinguish their own signatures. Mr. Rauch was the expert employed in the famous breach of promise case in the Dauphin County Court between Senator Simon Cameron and a certain Widow Oliver. Later, when residing at Mauch Chunk, he once received a telegrrm from a banker in a western Pennsylvania town. This summoned him to appear for analysis of certain written documents. A big fee and all expenses were offered. Mr. Rauch said

he accepted the assignment and left for the point. When he arrived at the station he was met by two well dressed gentlemen who came with a fancy team to take him to their home or place of business, having introduced themselves as father and son who had sent for Mr. Rauch. On their way to the appointed place, the father told Mr. Rauch that he was to distinguish among certain papers to be shown him, that the son, who was alleged to have incriminated himself with a woman who had charged he had written them. At a meeting of other prominent people, including representatives or counsel for this woman, Mr. Rauch said he gave a learned talk on handwriting, showing the manner in which forgeries could be made but that usually these were proved or detected through the different kinds of pen and ink that were used. He particularly hinted that the writing in evidence was evidently forged. This decision seemed to agree with the opinion of the majority or those in power and the meeting adjourned. Mr. Rauch was well paid for his services and taken back to the station again by the father and son, who seemed particularly well pleased with the outcome of the proceeding. The time for the return train came near, but before it arrived Mr. Rauch said he drew the younger man aside and said to him, "Now this appears to be all satisfactory but—don't do it again!"

I felt indebted to Mr. Rauch for many words of wisdom and good counsel while in his society, aside from the feeling of admiration for his quick-witted and vigorous expressions and opinions on various subjects. We exchanged our papers and once he said: "Young man, I like your paper very much and especially for this reason —You print lots of names." I thanked him for his good opinion and said, "Yes, I know that people like to see their name in print."

Who didn't know Frank Haines, editor of the "Allentown Democrat," years ago? He was a character of note in the county. His writing and style of makeup were rare and peculiar. The paper was long the party's Bible in this county and an institution of value. Mr. Haines' partner, E. L. Ruhe, was a most agreeable gentleman, too, and I liked his pleasant ways.

Samuel Woolever, still a resident of Allentown, published the Sunday Critic long ago and which was the forerunner of the Morning Call. Mr. Woolever was a fine mechanic and having been left a lot of money, was induced to invest it in a newspaper. It failed through insufficient patronage as a weekly. His editor for some years was Pat Gibbs, one of the most versatile writers I ever met. My wife and I had the honor to attend the wedding of Mr. Woolever near Vera Cruz in winter, during fine sleighing.

The late Oliver S. Henninger was a well known member of the printing trade. He resided at Macungie with his parents during his young manhood and later came to Allentown. He learned type setting in the Kutztown Journal office, came to Allentown, helped to start the Daily City Item and later worked in Providence, R. I., and on the New York Mail and Express. Returning to Allentown, he began reporting, being a clever writer and later was editor in turn for several of the dailies. He was born at Old Zionsville and got most of his schooling at Macungie and a short term in the Keystone Normal at Kutztown. Inheriting from his native-born father the apt and quaint stories and expression of the Pennsylvania German he became also a humorous speaker and was much in demand as such. He wrote a number of articles for my paper while he was away. His death at an early age was a distinct loss to the profession.

The late Cyrus Kuntz was another of the organizers of the Daily City Item, and he stuck it out to plod on with the paper when his three partners had quit. He built up a fine paper and was a splendid type of man, courtly, conservative, industrious to a degree.

I claim that one of the best newspaper men Allentown ever turned out was the late William Hartman. He was a ready writer, fluent and graceful.

One of younger men who was getting along finely as a reporter and later became eminently successful as a publisher is David R. Miller who was the principle force to found the Morning Call. I admire him very much, especially for his kindly ways and exemplary character. What a mighty institution he was instrumental in rearing!

In particular among the younger members of the Lehigh Valley Editorial Association during its life were these I remember well for their friendliness and activity: George R. Roth, George Zimmerman, Edward Crader and Frank Shearer.

I was amused once by this characteristic of the late William McCormick, who had later established the Reading Herald. When he was a writer on the Bethlehem Daily Times, once the financial accounts would not balance. The treasurer could not trace the cause. At last Mr. McCormick was asked about certain checks. He said he did not remember but might find some. He then dug around in various pockets and brought forth crumbled checks he had never cashed or needed and therefore the accounts would not balance. He was a bachelor and came from a rich family of the Harrisburg McCormicks. I knew him quite well. He was a brilliant writer.

Among the publishers of exchanges were U. S. Stauffer, of the Quakertown Free Press, who sold out and quit the newspaper business since; Irvin Yorgey, of the Coopersburg Sentinel, who did likewise and has since been a valued helper on the Morning Call; the late Charles B. Spatz, long publisher of the Boyertown Democrat; the late Jacob Esser, of the Kutztown Patriot now published by his son Charles and associates; the late Capt. Edmund Randall, of the Catasauqua Dispatch; the venerable Capt. William H. Bartholomew, who long published the Catasauqua Valley Record, now living retired at Allentown; William O. Heinley, the clever and hustling publisher of the Hamburg Item; Percy Faust, of the Weatherly Herald, besides a lot of others, off and on, all industrious workers for their communities and all of those named being dead with the exceptions noted.

Then there were those employed in my establishment whose good will I still prize or whose memories I revere. Oliver K. Mohr, my first apprentice, who has long been in the printing business in Allentown and is a credit to myself and the profession. He and his brother-in-law, Emanuel Schoenly, once owned and published the Slatington News; Walter E. Knauss, a nephew and my

longest employe as journeyman printer, also with the Morning Call since Progress suspended; Annon Fogel, who was well recommended and held a responsible posision in a Philadelphia book printing house on completing his apprenticeship; Clinton Forney, Edwin Christman, Charles Dankel, the late Ira Desch, Charles Wimmer, also deceased; "Billy" Boger, now employed on the Allentown Chronicle and News, and numerous others who served shorter terms.

A welcome fellow printer of more mature years was the late Joseph Lonabaugh, of Philadelphia, who called at the office and gave cheerful advice and counsel on visits to relatives here, being interested in the paper and the printers to an unusual degree. He was a prominent man, long a printer, besides a good church worker and exemplary gentleman.

I must not omit the venerable and worthy acting president of our Lehigh County Historical Society, for which this is written in a hurry: William F. Schlechter, long the publisher of the Unabhaengischer Republikaner of Allentown, who is still active and cheerful in managing a flourishing job printing business and whose friendship I prize.

Just as the above effusion was being hurriedly finished the information was received of the death of Charies Q. Hillegass, proprietor of that bright weekly newspaper, "Town and Country," of Pennsburg. He had projected his paper about the time my own was suspended. We were quite well acquainted and a man who had accomplished a remarkably good record in the newspaper field and was identified with other important activities is sincerely missed.

In conclusion, I can cheerfully subscribe to the fact that as a class of men engaged in the various activities of life, the foregoing ones named represent a trade and profession to which it is an honor to belong. The experience of years among such brings deep satisfaction, despite the humble position I may hold among them.

44

JASPER QUARRIES

Lehigh County Historical Society Proceedings, 1930

By O. P. KNAUSS

At the southeastern edge of Macungie Borough are located a number of pits and depressions which were unmistakably the quarries where jasper was excavated by the Indians, who for many years inhabited these regions.

These pits have been gradually filled up with trees, stones and debris of various kinds and there is little or no evidence to be found on the surface to indicate what they were used for. However, the fact remains that these were undoubtedly quarries from which the bigger stones and boulders were quarried as scientific investigation was made of them about thirty years ago by Mr. Henry C. Mercer, an enthusiastic archaeologist and historian of Doylestown, Pa. He came here to investigate and discovered ample evidence to prove his conclusions. For some weeks he labored hereabouts and made researches.

There are about fifty of such pits in the vicinity all at the foot of South Mountain. In one of the largest or deepest was the stump of a tree nearly four feet in diameter, with 195 rings, which would show that these shafts were abandoned about 1680-90.

In excavating one of these depressions there was found lying on the unworked clay, at a depth of 18 feet a large disc-shaped implement of limestone, a foot in diameter, well worn along its outer edge. At the depth of 14 feet, a smaller tool of quartzite, similarly worn, and a coarse limestone arrowhead were found. At the bottom along one of the sides of the pit, in the clay two holes were discovered. Into these holes, plaster of paris was poured. When the plaster was hardened, it was dug

out and found to be facsimile of two sharpened wooden billets which had long ago rotted away and left only their mould. One of the pieces was about six inches in diameter and of an unknown length. The other was about two inches in diameter and three feet long. They had been sharpened with the aid of fire and sharp-edged stones.

These casts were placed in the Museum of Archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania. It must be remembered that at the period when these quarries were operated in such a crude way, metal tools were not known here or were not in possession of the Indian quarrymen.

In the vicinity of Vera Cruz, about four miles to the east, there were counted 138 such depressions, and in adjoining fields, acres of chips and spalls are found, being pieces rejected while dressing the bigger ones.

In the big Museum of the Bucks County Historical Society, which is a lasting tribute to the zeal and interest of Mr. Mercer, who donated it, is a carefully designed map of the quarries referred to, giving accurate location, dimensions and description of same, with data of their investigation.

After the jasper was quarried, it was reduced in size by rude methods for the particular needs of the Indians.

In the fields surrounding or adjacent to these pits or quarries, the surface and even to a considerable depth, the ground is mixed with chips and spalls of this jasper. It is evident from the same quality and general shape that these chips were pieces broken from the rocks of the quarries.

The question naturally arises, How did many acres become covered with them? The only plausible answer seems to be that the workshops for reducing the larger pieces were moved from place to place for some reason, and that this territory was inhabited by tribes of Indians for many years. Thus the surroundings of the quarries gradually spread, and the evidence left behind covered considerable ground.

According to history, the better workmen of the Indians were in Western States or territories and much

of this jasper was carried there and fashioned into tools and weapons. It is easier worked than most other minerals and was extensively used.

Jasper is an impure opaque form of chalcedony, displaying various shades of color. the yellow, red and brown predominating. When grayish or greenish and mottled with red, the name of bloodstone is sometimes applied. It was much used by native tribes for flaked implements and weapons of several varieties and more rarely for hammers, celts, axes and ornaments. It occurs in regular masses or pockets, in common with other formations in many sections of the United States and was often obtained by the Indians in the form of fugitive pebbles and boulders, but in Pennsylvania especially it was quarried from the original beds as heretofore described.

The best known quarries are in Bucks, Lehigh and Berks Counties.

While specimens of arrowheads, spears, knives and implements are found in various localities of our county and especially the southern portion, along streams, not many are found near the quarries. This would again indicate that the workshops for finishing the artifacts were more often located elsewhere, perhaps where there were more comfortable or favorable places. Quite a number of pieces of this class may be seen in the collection of our society which came from this locality. Included is a spearhead almost as big as a hand, being one of a nest of eight found in a cache when the borough water reservoir was being excavated for at the mountainside, about a half mile west of the quarries.

In connection with this description of these quarries the suggestion is here made that it would come into the province of our society to mark these quarries in some suitable way for future study and reference. They are among the few left by the original dwellers of the region and as such, in comparison with present day means and methods of making and using tools and implements for all kinds of use, the primitive modes afford much interest. Some of these objects were rudely fashioned, while others display handiwork that would be a credit to makers

who use the most modern tools and machines, yet they were formed and finished with other stones. Much time was necessarily consumed in making these articles, for the various uses of the original owners and dwellers of these parts. In all tribes there were men designated as arrowsmiths, these being particularly adept in this work of art.

SOME BASEBALL HISTORY

The first baseball club of Macungie was the Resolute, organized February 8, 1877. The members were William Hersch, Albert F. Montz, Morris Fatzinger, Jacob S. Wolfe, O. P. Knauss, William H. Miller, George J. Kunz, Edwin F. Erb, John Mertz, John M. Roedler. Play or practice was started on the school lot at East Macungie.

The first match game was played at Topton with the Stars, who were in existence several years. Most of the Resolutes had never seen a game and had practiced according to rule books, yet they won quite easily. This was on June 9, 1877. A number of games were played with the Stars and the Resolutes won most of them that and the next season. The East Texas Jockeys were also organized as also the Alburtis Calicos.

About ten years later quite a strong amateur team was maintained. Games were played against neighboring clubs, especially the best of Allentown and the Resolutes won most of them. About this time the players were Oscar P. Knauss, captain, shortstop and catcher; Milton Moyer, pitcher; Oscar Knappenberger, pitcher and third base; Charles Christman, change catcher; Edwin Schoch, center-field; George Wescoe, left-field; George B. Moyer, right-field; George W. Hartzell, Jr., second base; Oscar Berger, first base; Walter E. Knauss, pitcher. This combination made a great record for several years.

Later on other clubs succeeded and furnished good sport. In 1932 Macungie won the Lehigh Valley Semi-Professional Championship and stood second in the succeeding season.